

SPAWN



Capullo 3
Panny
Mike



TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

WAKE UP DREAMING

PART FIVE

DEDICATED TO
BEN SMITH & DAVE UNGER

PLOT

TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY

BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS

ANGEL MEDINA

INKS

DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA
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SPAWN 128 SUMMARY

Jason Wynn gives an in-depth presentation on the life and death of Al Simmons. Describing Al's past missions, along with other recent events, Jason concludes that a full investigation should be conducted, along with surveillance on the Fitzgeralds. With Nyx's assistance, Al learns to control his "Spawn" half. Twitch, patrolling the streets in hopes of finding Al Simmons, gets his wish granted.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



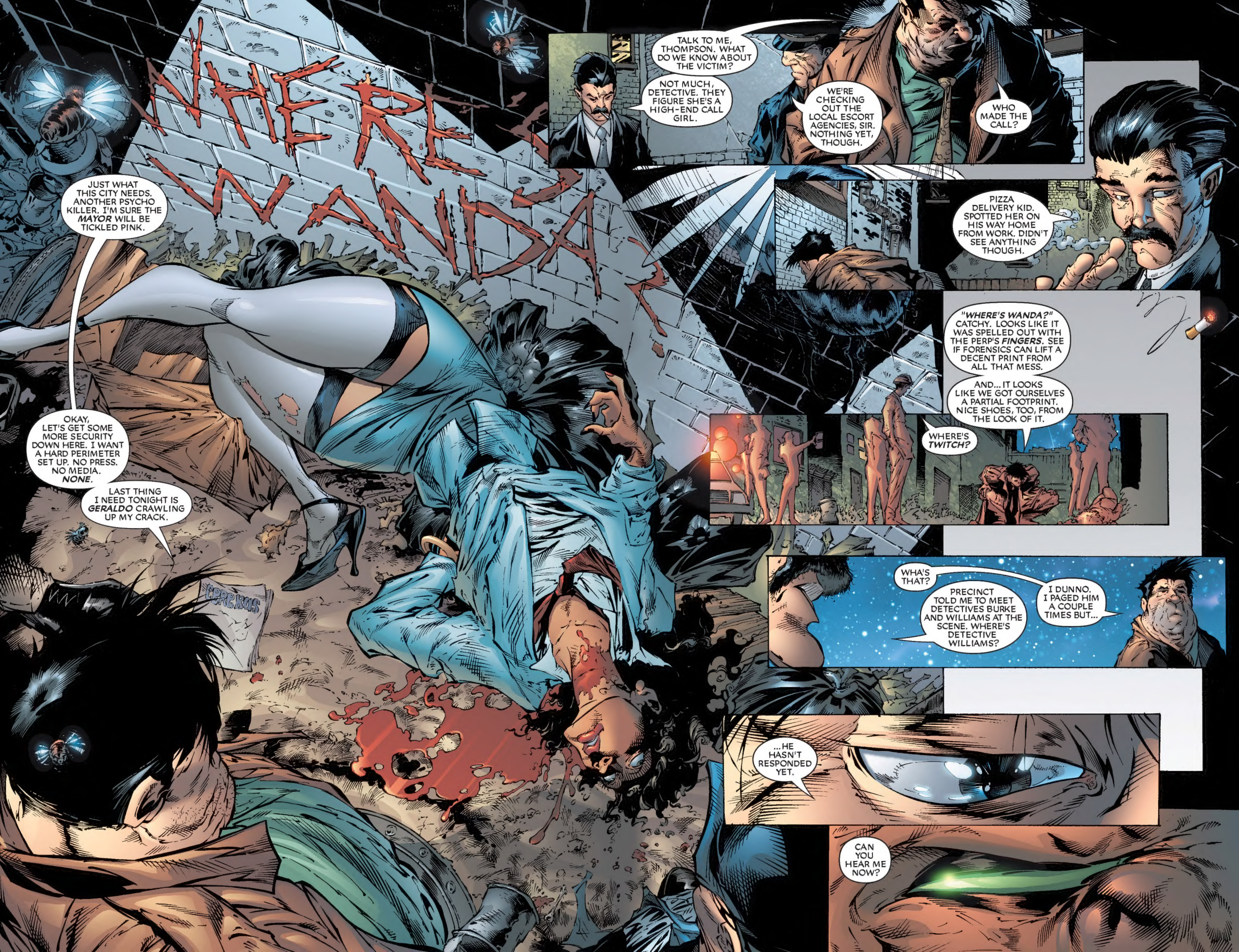
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JESUS
CHRIST!
WHAT A
MESS.

IF
THAT AIN'T
ENOUGH
TO PUT YOU
OFF YOUR
FOOD...



JUST WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS. ANOTHER PSYCHO KILLER. I'M SURE THE MAYOR WILL BE TICKLED PINK.

OKAY, LET'S GET SOME MORE SECURITY DOWN HERE. I WANT A HARD PERIMETER SET UP. NO PRESS. NO MEDIA. NONE.

LAST THING I NEED TONIGHT IS GERALDO CRAWLING UP MY CRACK.

TALK TO ME, THOMPSON. WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT THE VICTIM?

NOT MUCH, DETECTIVE. THEY FIGURE SHE'S A HIGH-END CALL GIRL.

WE'RE CHECKING OUT THE LOCAL ESCORT AGENCIES, SIR. NOTHING YET, THOUGH.

WHO MADE THE CALL?

PIZZA DELIVERY KID. SPOTTED HER ON HIS WAY HOME FROM WORK. DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING THOUGH.

"WHERE'S WANDA?" CATCHY. LOOKS LIKE IT WAS SPELLED OUT WITH THE PERP'S FINGERS. SEE IF FORENSICS CAN LIFT A DECENT PRINT FROM ALL THAT MESS.

AND... IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OURSELVES A PARTIAL FOOTPRINT. NICE SHOES, TOO, FROM THE LOOK OF IT.

WHERE'S TWITCH?

WHAT'S THAT?

PRECINCT TOLD ME TO MEET DETECTIVES BURKE AND WILLIAMS AT THE SCENE. WHERE'S DETECTIVE WILLIAMS?

I DUNNO. I PAGED HIM A COUPLE TIMES BUT...

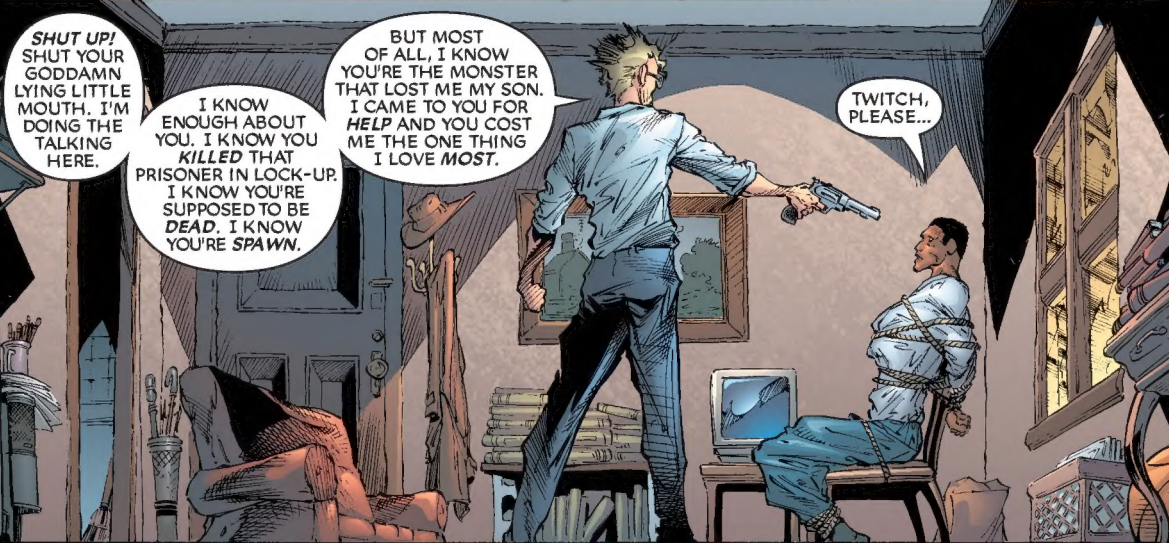
...HE HASN'T RESPONDED YET.

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?



GOOD. I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, OR WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT I JUST DARE YOU TO GIVE ME ANY EXCUSE TO SHOOT YOU.

TWITCH? DETECTIVE WILLIAMS? IS THAT YOU? IT'S ME. AL SIMMONS. I'M...

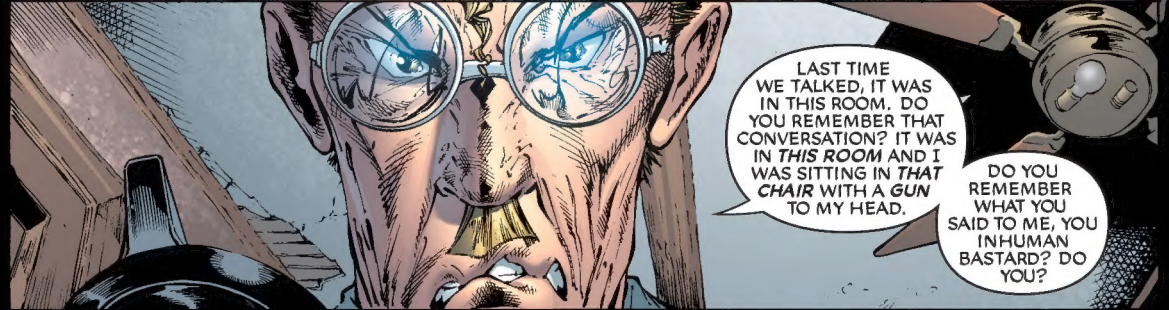


SHUT UP! SHUT YOUR GODDAMN LYING LITTLE MOUTH. I'M DOING THE TALKING HERE.

I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT YOU. I KNOW YOU KILLED THAT PRISONER IN LOCK-UP. I KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD. I KNOW YOU'RE SPAWN.

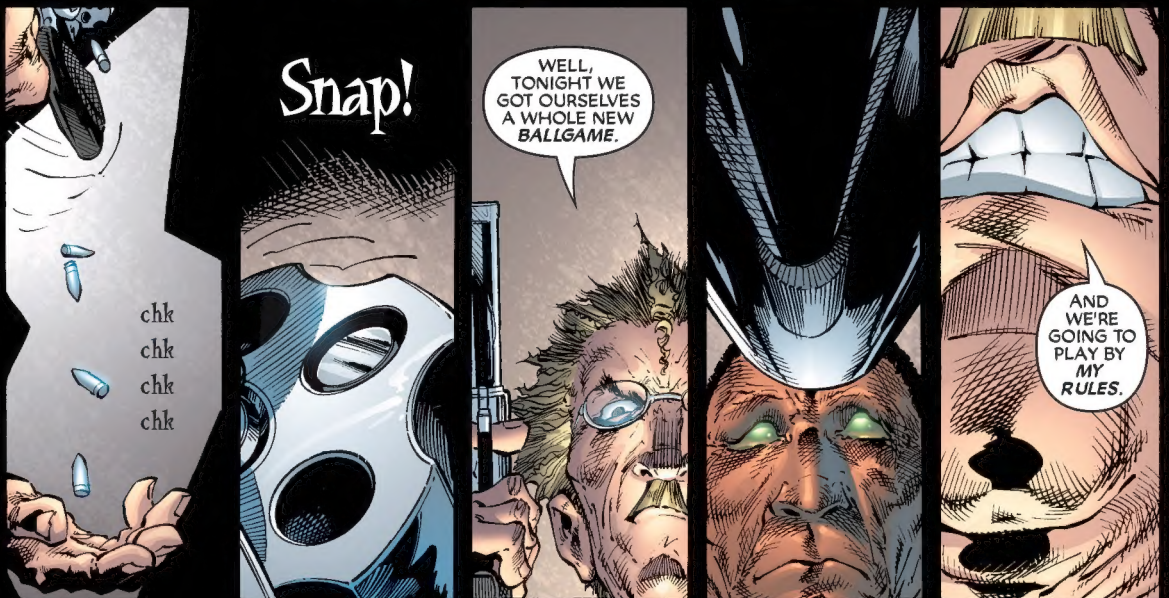
BUT MOST OF ALL, I KNOW YOU'RE THE MONSTER THAT LOST ME MY SON. I CAME TO YOU FOR HELP AND YOU COST ME THE ONE THING I LOVE MOST.

TWITCH, PLEASE...



LAST TIME WE TALKED, IT WAS IN THIS ROOM. DO YOU REMEMBER THAT CONVERSATION? IT WAS IN THIS ROOM AND I WAS SITTING IN THAT CHAIR WITH A GUN TO MY HEAD.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU SAID TO ME, YOU INHUMAN BASTARD? DO YOU?



Snap!

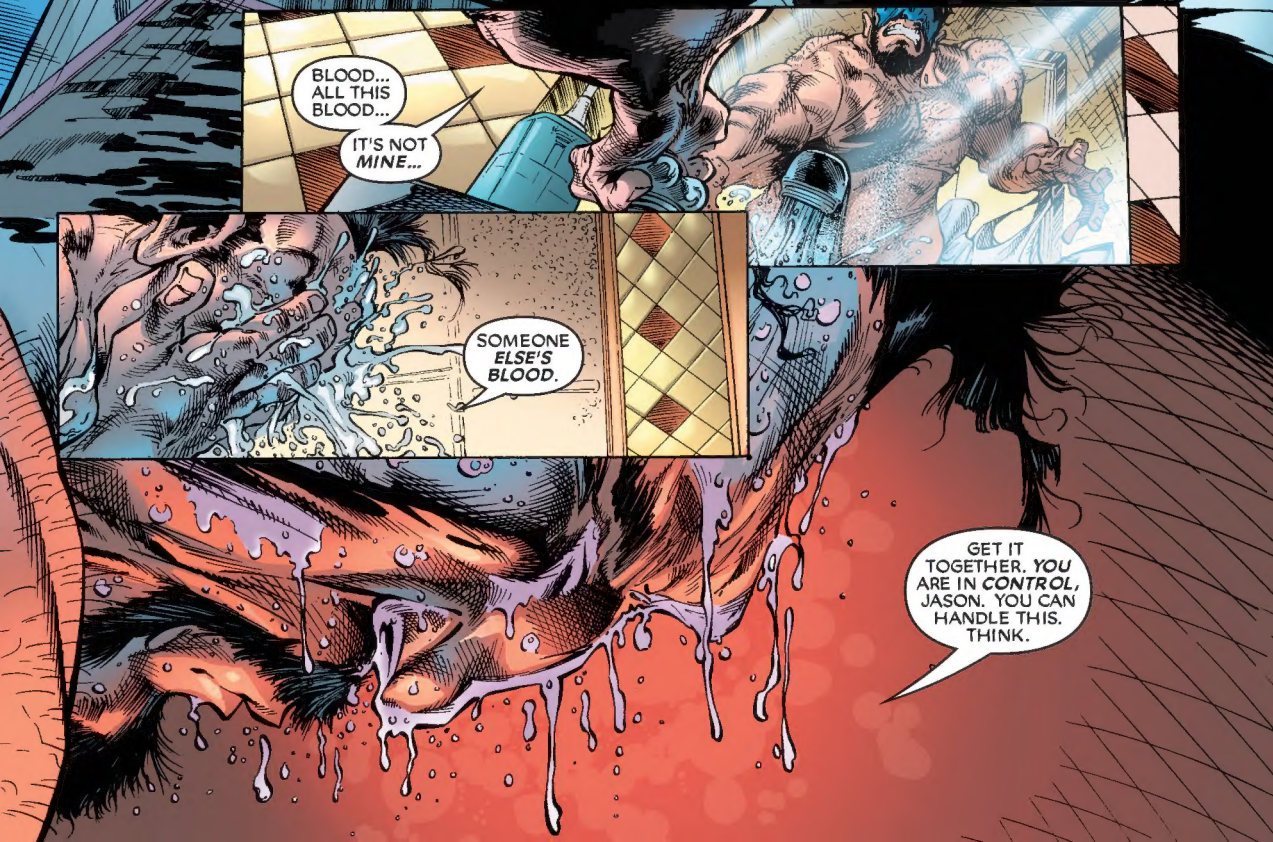
WELL, TONIGHT WE GOT OURSELVES A WHOLE NEW BALLGAME.

AND WE'RE GOING TO PLAY BY MY RULES.



OH GOD.
OH GOD.
OH GOD.
OH GOD.
I THINK I'M GOING TO BE SICK.


BLOOD...
WHERE DID...
WHERE THE HELL
WAS I? WHERE
DID...



BLOOD...
ALL THIS
BLOOD...
IT'S NOT
MINE...

SOMEONE
ELSE'S
BLOOD.

GET IT
TOGETHER. YOU
ARE IN CONTROL,
JASON. YOU CAN
HANDLE THIS.
THINK.



IMAGES, SUNKEN
MEMORIES EMERGING
FROM THE DARK.

A MUFFLED CRY,
EYES WIDE WITH SHOCK,
THE SMELL OF FEAR
MIXED WITH CHANEL.

HER FACE
WRIGGLES BENEATH
MY HAND, SALIVA
BUBBLING UP
AGAINST MY
PALM.

THE BLADE SHINES
LIKE A BEAM OF MOONLIGHT,
BLOOD, WARM AND THICK,
GATHERING IN POOLS LIKE
LIQUID RUBIES.

IT STEAMS IN THE
COLD NIGHT AIR I CAN
HEAR SOMEONE
LAUGHING.

WHO IS SHE?
WHY AM I DOING
THIS? THIS CAN'T
BE REAL.

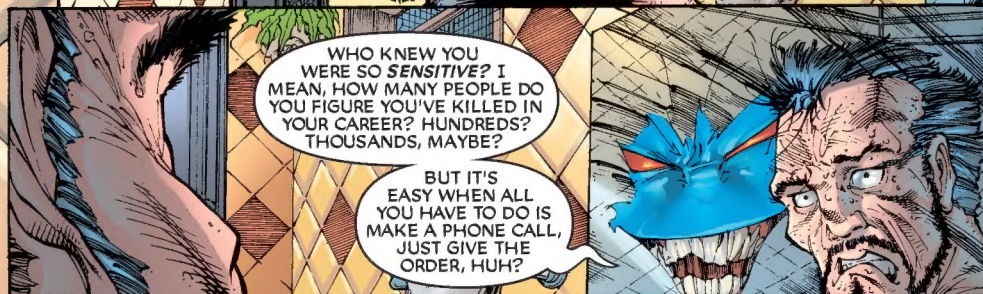
HWAAUCH!

CONTROL,
JASON, YOU
ARE IN
CONTROL.



"CONTROL, JASON. YOU ARE IN CONTROL...!" WHO ARE YOU KIDDING? MAN, YOU SHOULD HEAR YOURSELF!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, TOOTS? ROUGH NIGHT? YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LITTLE GIRL.



WHO KNEW YOU WERE SO SENSITIVE? I MEAN, HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU FIGURE YOU'VE KILLED IN YOUR CAREER? HUNDREDS? THOUSANDS, MAYBE?

BUT IT'S EASY WHEN ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS MAKE A PHONE CALL, JUST GIVE THE ORDER, HUH?



IT FEELS DIFFERENT WHEN THE BLOOD IS ON YOUR OWN HANDS. IT FEELS BETTER. DON'T IT? ADMIT IT. YOU NEVER FELT MORE ALIVE.

YOU'RE NOT GOING LIMPON ME NOW, ARE YOU? WELL, SUCK IT UP 'CAUSE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU-- YOU AND ME, WE'RE JUST GETTING STARTED!



WHERE SHOULD WE START, SIMMONS? SHOULD WE TALK ABOUT LOVE?



YOU KNOW, I HAD A WIFE. LOVED HER MORE THAN ANYTHING. I THOUGHT WE WERE HAPPY. BUT SHE LEFT ME. LEFT ME OVER MY JOB.

ALL I WANTED WAS TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFER, *BETTER*, FOR HER AND THE KIDS. BUT SHE LEAVES ME. TAKES THE KIDS AND GODDAMN LEAVES ME.

IT WAS LIKE SOMETHING TOOK THE BREATH OUT OF ME. I WANTED TO DIE. BUT SOMEHOW, I MANAGED TO CRAWL OUT OF THAT HOLE AND MEET SOME-ONE *NEW*.

SOMEONE WHO GOT ME. WHO *TRUSTED* ME. COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW LUCKY I WAS.

ALL IT TOOK WAS ONE STRAY ROUND COMING THROUGH THE WALL AND SHE'S DEAD IN MY ARMS.

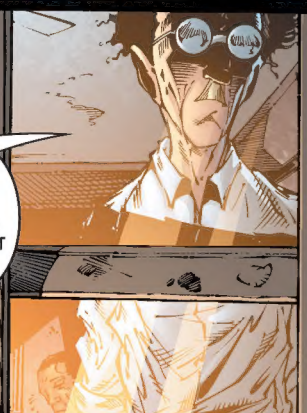
ONE BULLET AND IT'S ALL OVER. BANG.



NOW...LET'S LOOK AT YOUR LOVE LIFE, SHALL WE?

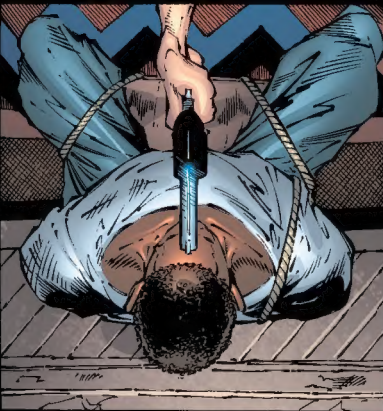
YOU WERE WHAT? SOME KIND OF WAR HERO? A SPY? ASSASSIN'S MORE LIKE IT. RIGHT? MARRIED TO THAT BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WIFE OF YOURS. *WANDA*. I MET HER, YOU KNOW.

SHE WENT AND MARRIED YOUR *BEST FRIEND*. I'VE BEEN TO THEIR HOUSE. WHAT A HAPPY COUPLE. BEAUTIFUL KID TOO. CUTE AS HELL. THAT MUST EAT YOU UP. THAT MUST REALLY KILL YOU.



DOES SHE EVEN KNOW YOU'RE *ALIVE*? WOULD SHE *CARE*? CHRIST, HOW DO YOU STAND IT? IT WOULD DRIVE ME CRAZY. SOMEONE ELSE, LIVING THE LIFE YOU ALWAYS WANTED.

IF I BLEW A HOLE THE SIZE OF *BUICK* IN YOUR FOREHEAD, I'D PROBABLY BE DOING YOU A *FAVOR*, DON'T YOU THINK?



OF COURSE, THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN WOMEN. A MAN HAS TO MAKE HIS MARK ON THE WORLD, STAND TALL, MAKE SOMETHING OF HIS LIFE.

BUT NO MATTER HOW MUCH I TRY, IT'S STILL A *JUNGLE* OUT THERE. NO MATTER HOW I BUST MY ASS, NO MATTER HOW MANY *SCUMBAGS* I DRAG OFF THE STREETS, THE WORLD KEEPS GETTING WORSE.

I TELL MYSELF IT'S AN HONORABLE JOB, THAT I MAKE A DIFFERENCE. BUT IT'S A *LIE* AND I KNOW IT. WHY GO ON WITH THE CHARADE?

Klik

ON THE OTHER HAND, AT LEAST I DON'T *KILL* PEOPLE FOR A LIVING. I MEAN, I'VE GOT A CONSCIENCE, I PLAY BY THE RULES. BUT NOT YOU, RIGHT? HUH?

AND I'M CERTAINLY NOT AN INHUMAN *MONSTER* SPAT OUT OF HELL OR WHATEVER YOU CLAIMED TO BE.

Klik

I LOST MY SON. MAX. MY FIRST BORN.

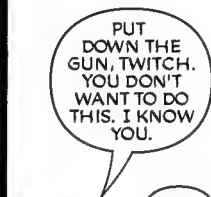
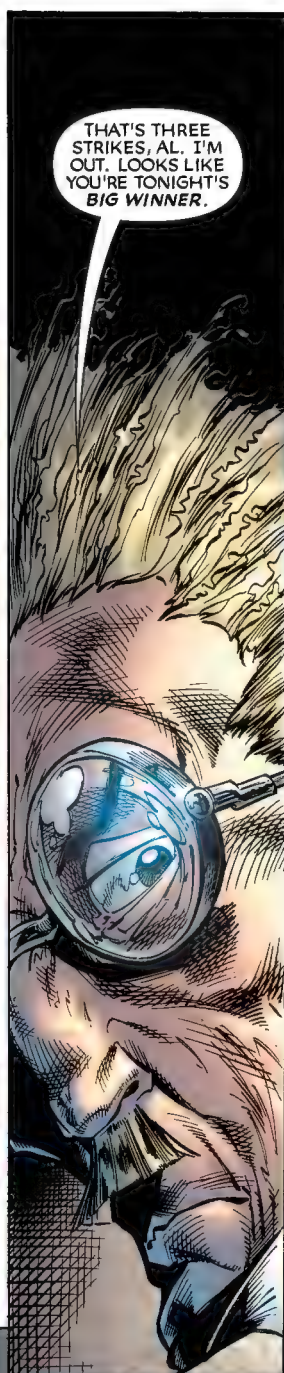
BUT LET'S GET DOWN TO THE REAL ISSUE. THE THING THAT EATS AT MY BELLY LIKE A *CANCER* EVERY SECOND OF THE DAY.

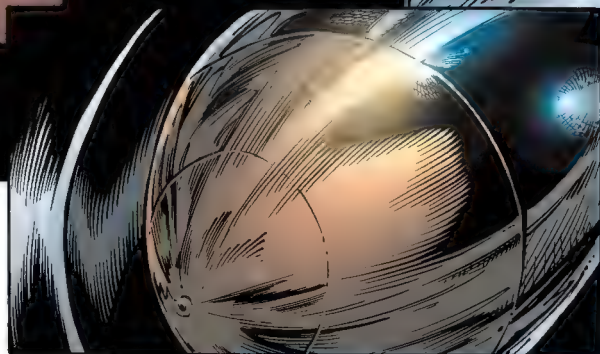
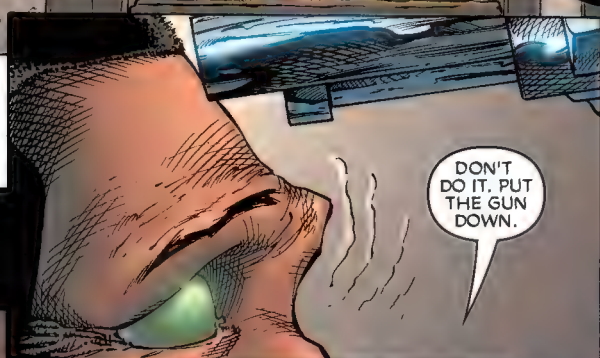
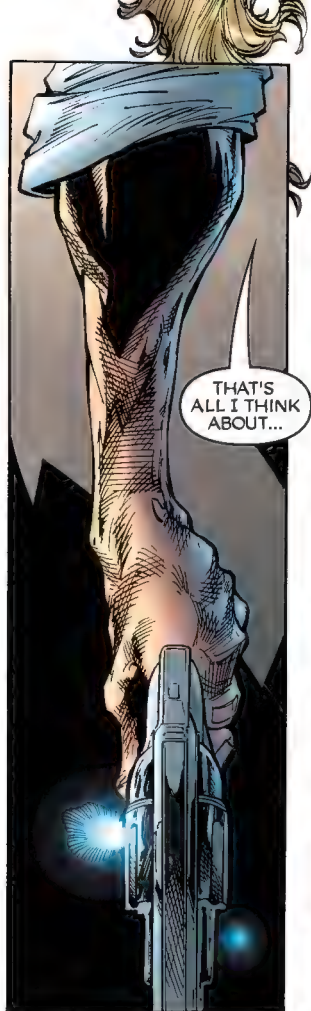
'CAUSE I DIDN'T JUST LOSE HIM. HE DIDN'T JUST *DIE*. I LOST HIM TO THE MOST FOUL AND UNNATURAL FORCES YOU CAN IMAGINE. I LOST HIM TO A DARKNESS AND DAMNATION I CAN'T EVEN COMPREHEND.

CAN YOU *IMAGINE* IT? I LAY AWAKE AT NIGHT, UNABLE TO FALL ASLEEP.

PRETTY MUCH EVERYONE KNOWS *HEARTBREAK* AND EVERYONE'S LIFE IS A DISAPPOINTMENT, BUT THIS... THIS PAIN IS BEYOND ALL THAT.

WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES ALL I CAN DO IS PICTURE HIM, FRAIL AND DEFEATED, SLIPPING AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS, NOT ABLE TO HELP HIM, NOT ABLE TO HOLD MY BOY AND SAY, "IT'S ALL RIGHT SON. DADDY'S HERE."





ENOUGH!!

ENOUGH
OF YOU
AND YOUR
SICK LITTLE
GAMES.

WHAMP!

UFF!

YOU
THINK
DEATH IS A
GAME? DO
YOU?

I-I-I...





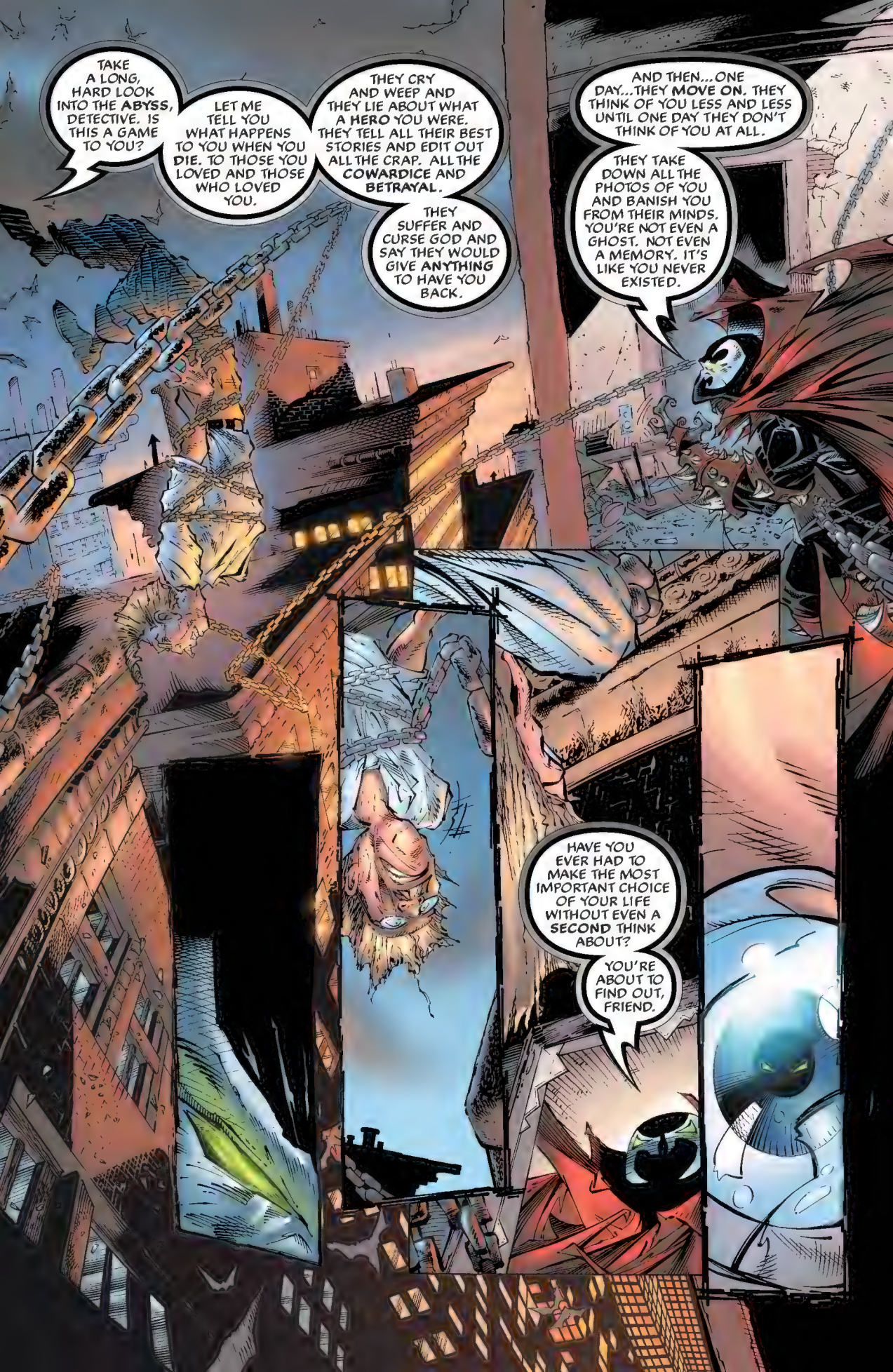
DO YOU
KNOW WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO DIE? TO
STOP BREATHING
AND GROW
COLD?

ARE YOU
REALLY THAT
EAGER TO
LEARN?

BLAM!

AH!

KERAK!



TAKE
A LONG,
HARD LOOK
INTO THE ABYSS,
DETECTIVE. IS
THIS A GAME
TO YOU?

LET ME
TELL YOU
WHAT HAPPENS
TO YOU WHEN YOU
DIE. TO THOSE YOU
LOVED AND THOSE
WHO LOVED
YOU.

THEY CRY
AND WEEP AND
THEY LIE ABOUT WHAT
A HERO YOU WERE.
THEY TELL ALL THEIR BEST
STORIES AND EDIT OUT
ALL THE CRAP. ALL THE
COWARDICE AND
BETRAYAL.

THEY
SUFFER AND
CURSE GOD AND
SAY THEY WOULD
GIVE ANYTHING
TO HAVE YOU
BACK.

AND THEN...ONE
DAY...THEY MOVE ON. THEY
THINK OF YOU LESS AND LESS
UNTIL ONE DAY THEY DON'T
THINK OF YOU AT ALL.

THEY TAKE
DOWN ALL THE
PHOTOS OF YOU
AND BANISH YOU
FROM THEIR MINDS.
YOU'RE NOT EVEN A
GHOST. NOT EVEN
A MEMORY. IT'S
LIKE YOU NEVER
EXISTED.

HAVE YOU
EVER HAD TO
MAKE THE MOST
IMPORTANT CHOICE
OF YOUR LIFE
WITHOUT EVEN A
SECOND THINK
ABOUT?

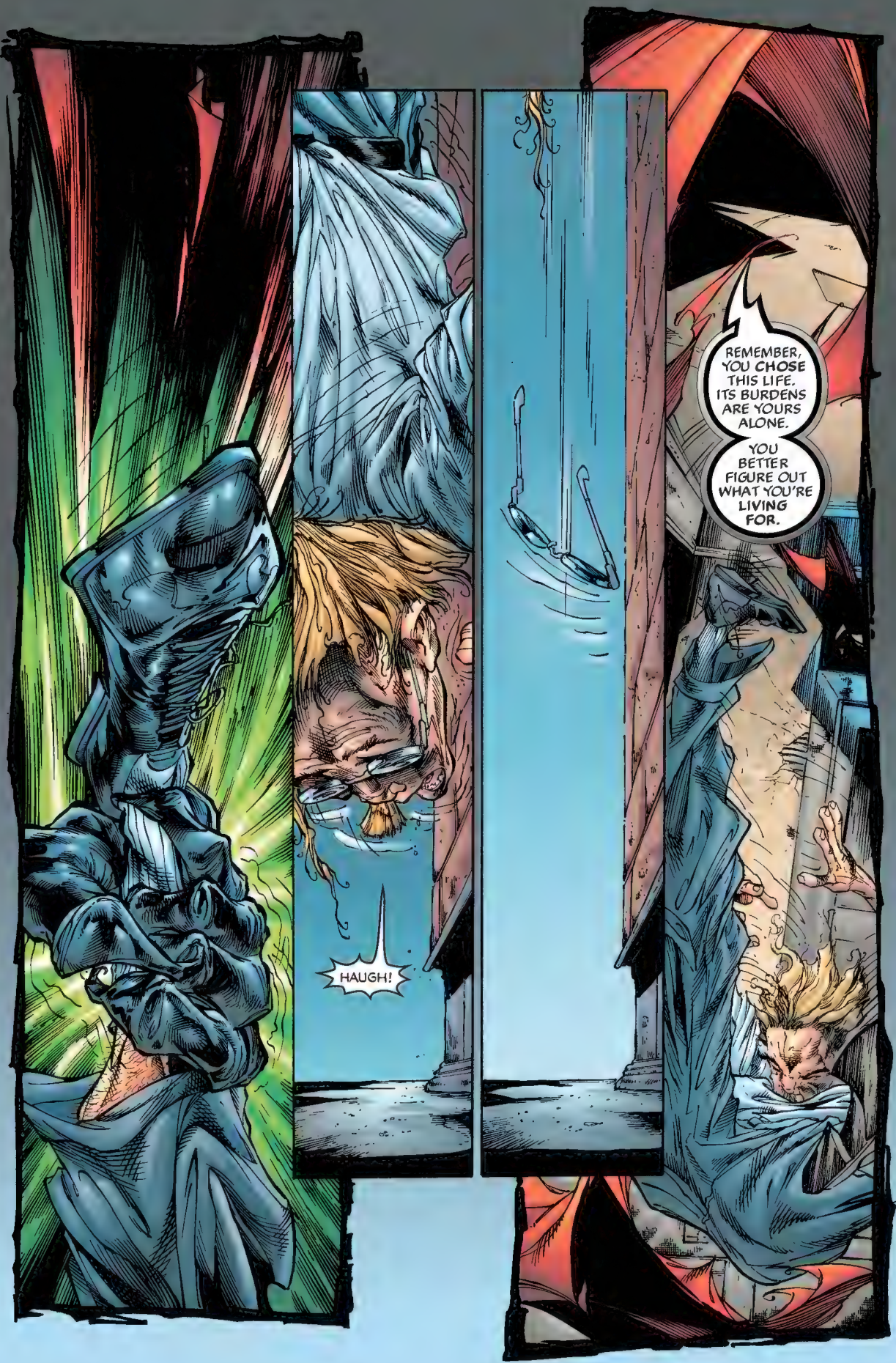
YOU'RE
ABOUT TO
FIND OUT,
FRIEND.



LIVE
OR
DIE?
CHOOSE!

LIVE!

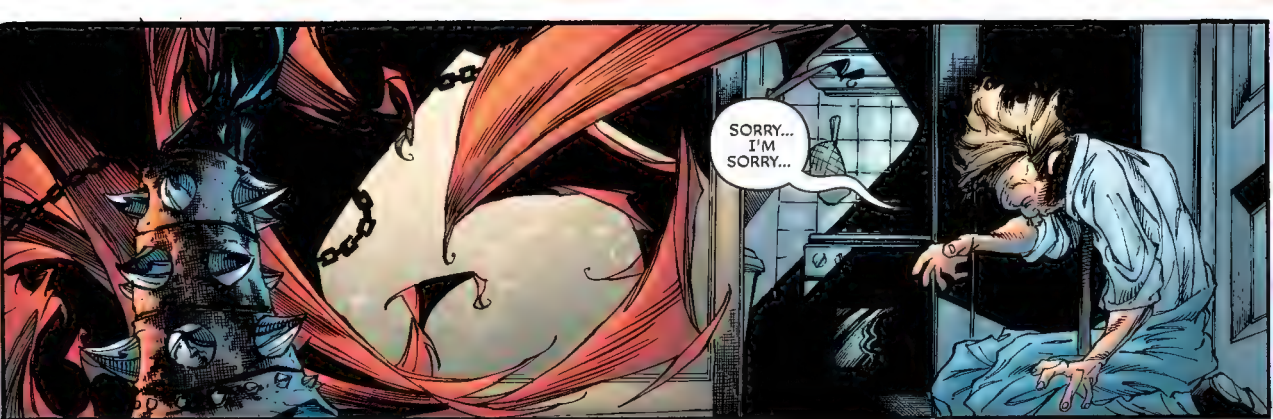


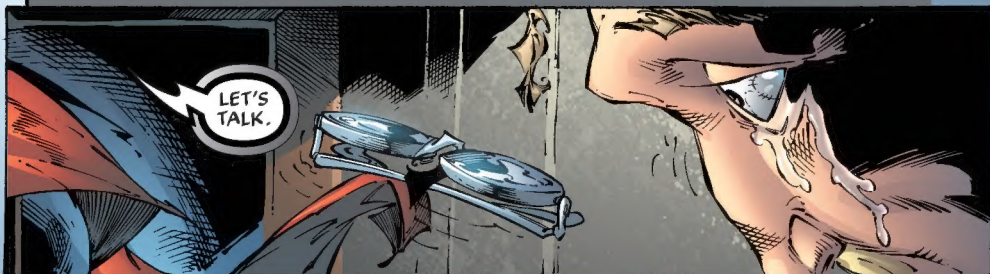
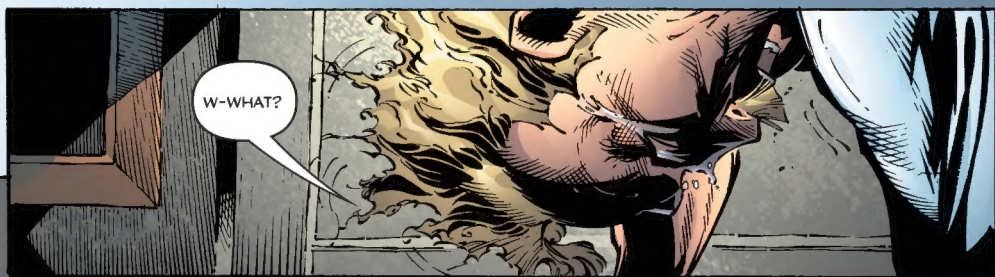


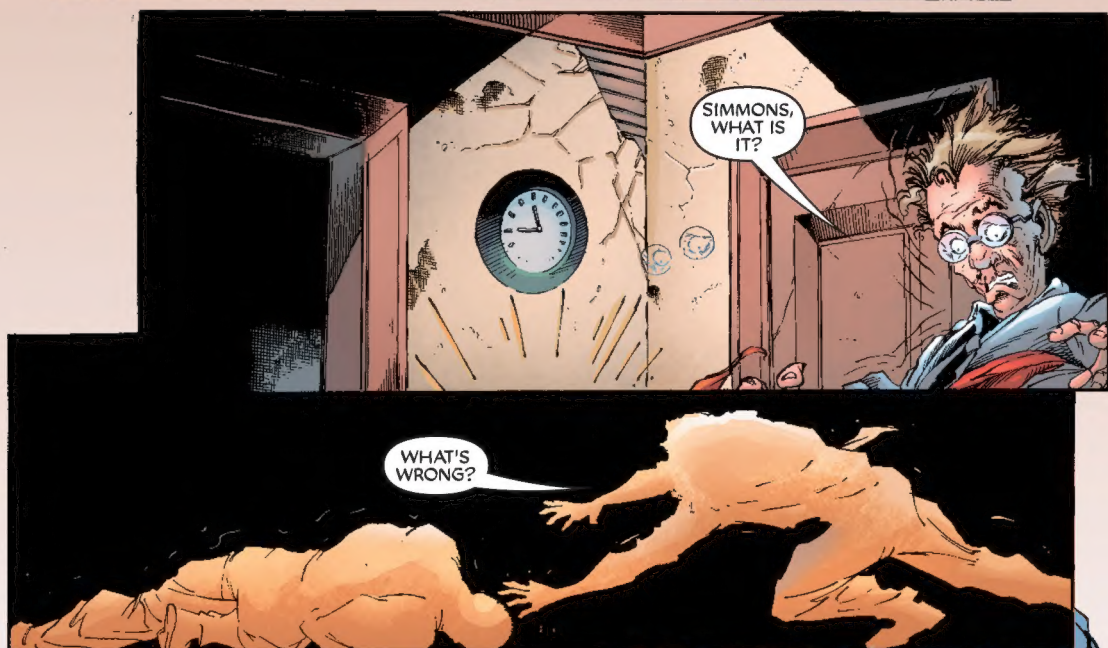
REMEMBER,
YOU CHOSE
THIS LIFE.
ITS BURDENS
ARE YOURS
ALONE.

YOU
BETTER
FIGURE OUT
WHAT YOU'RE
LIVING
FOR.

HAUGH!







I...
I THINK
I'VE BEEN
SHOT.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE